

As Aeons of the stars and skies
As Gods of time and mind alike
Who Sally forth upon mankind
And set in motion grand designs

As clockwork made of starlight grinds
And tempers man and to him binds
Neither gentle nor unkind
But tempered by celestial climes

Of all of its colors and all of its kinds
We can but only list the nine
For many others escape the mind
And flee perception in the flight

The first whose color is the black
The Anarchic hunter's bold attack
Pressing on he won't look back
Abyssal though his odds are stacked

To build or plan are things he shant
To trade or wage he simply can't
Subject to all happenstance
And chooses Kings by lot or chance

Second next whose color's green
Who loveth trees with which he speaks
And shepherds flocks to pastures green
And knows of many things unseen

There are no ends that sanction means
To injure earth is to him unclean
To bear her fruits is but a dream
Of fruit and fowl feminine

Third the Aeon who is purple
The King of Kings and all his people
Of royal blood, how magesterial
By his command bring forth materials

Tames the wild and all that's feral
And plumbs the earth for stones & metal
None can offer him rebuttal
An absolute monarch now and forever

Fourthly is he whose color's orange
An adventurous spirit who must sojourn
His travels take up many forms
As merchants trade on foreign shores

By ship, by foot, device, or horse
He travels far throughout the earth
By and for a device of worth
By which he might exchange for more

Fifth in line whose color's gray
Bleak and dull though seems it may
Working at a solemn pace
Machines assist his working day

He does not lead he steps in sway
To the workman's clock he must obey
And for his work is promptly paid
And so he stays out of the fray

Sixth is next whose color's red
As blood and fire, war and death
Made by iron bronze or lead
A soldier's life for which he's bred

He only thinks to keep his head
And not beyond his daily bread
And never leaves a thing unsaid
For death might come at any breath

Seventh in line whose color's gold
As tanning whores and bullion bold
For all that is can all be sold
For wealth and riches yet untold

Shrewd and fickle, sure to scold
For every unaccounted penny roll
Sure to meet his fiscal goals
And does so with those on payroll

Eighth comes through whose color's blue
A shimmering light in technological hues
Grand as a rocket course be true
Fine as the fibers of synthetic sinews

Artificially intelligent? That's up to you
Or some other kind of mathematical proof
For all that is ancient is all that is new
What was in the beginning returns into view

Ninth and the last whose color's white
All of the colors in the spectrum of light
Wise as a serpent as a dove is it kind

In truth as an emissary for all forms of life

He dare not bring harm to even a fly
His works are in books and in souls which he scrys
His weapon a pen, a mighty ally
In a world that is always at war for the mind

This is the summation of the Aeons nine
Heavenly bodies but vaguely defined
Beings from heaven who dictate the times
As it was in the beginning until the decline

For is it not so with the story of man
Black were his days in his eldest of lands
Not even mem'ry can summon to hand
The stories of fossils and all they attend

Brought forth out of pitch and out of the muck
Came forth life in evolutionary rush
Creating all creatures as we know them as such
And from thence arose man out of the clutch

Then he was brought into pastures of green
By plants in the garden and serpents that speak
Of foal and of fowl then stewarded he
And began to take note of his family seed

And so then he formed his house in a clan
And then was created a sacred war band
Stones then were gathered and fit into stacks
Forming a wall to defend from attack

And so became purple the symbol of that
Which is Royal and kingly in high command
Of the ships & the sails & the shores where they'd land
Of the jewels & of crowns & of lineages grand

Masters of artifice, wonders in crafts
With the finest of details down to the last
Assembled together a temple amassed
A house of the Gods, for glory and graft

Orange is the dawn that then came to pass
Chasing the horizon as far as one can
With goods in the baggage and spine in the back
To seek the bizarre and gain the advance

Some call him brave, and others say brash
To travel the world and with riches assess

The places he journeyed that would suit him the best
To settle and build in a foreign province

And so he became one of Industry's Titans
Gray in the hair and to himself as an Island
Furnishing cities with stone and with Iron
Powering engines with water and fire

Laying down tracks and cables and wires
Sending dispatches throughout the empire
The workers are frenzied, and many do tire
And only a pittance for their toils acquire

And so became Red their vision in Ire
After all the injustice and all of their labor
Taking up arms from their work they retire
A uniform army in glorious attire

Distributing pamphlets and lectures and flyers
A nation awakens to it's monetary oppressors
Placing a hand on the financial levers
Bringing success to all their endeavors

A new dawn arose and poverty withered
Gold was the sunlight and so was the treasure
With wheat in the fields and infinite pleasures
All became mad for riches beyond measure

Controlling the markets and manipulating the weather
By trade he applies political pressure
Paying to play with the government's members
For which he receives political favors

But money can only be so sweet a savor
So blue in the heart he searched for a savior
With technical aptitude birthed a computer
That spaketh in code and divineth the future

But what was his God became his abuser
What once was impossible happened much sooner
And the machine became Judge, Jury, & Executioner
Classifying all of mankind as a mutineer

Then bursting forth in a radiant light
Came the last Aeon glowing in white
Wielding a pen whose ink is twilight
Rewriting the code of the deathly AI

And so it is told how history climbed

To the final Aeon of all of the nine
Quickening pace with the passage of time
Until history became self contained in the mind

All of this happened in a manner divine
By the man who discovered the Aeon's nine
In hindsight did he first perceive the design
By viewing the future then looking behind

First he began a degenerate type
Knowing no difference between wrong between right
And in such a darkness he sought out the light
Scrying through history's tomes in the night

And so in its time this pattern emerged
A colorful tapestry beneath all the words
The Aeons assembled in all of their mirth
Revealing a portrait of infinite worth

And so he began to imagine the earth
From it's very beginnings in the simplest terms
Explaining the glories and wonders and works
Of the ages of old in poetic verse

For how is it man had came to such dearth
A question on many men's lips did it gird
The answer had yet to be answered for sure
'Til the Aeons assembled from the ninth to the first

Until all of these Aeons assembled as one
Not a soul in the earth knew what to be done
And even thereafter of him they made fun
Either taunting by words or ignoring him shunned

But all of the Aeons could not be outgunned
Despite their abode was a man without much
In him they resided with peace and with love
But against all the earth bore animus

For mankind then was horribly corrupt
Betraying another in iniquity supped
So those who despised the world were in luck
For the Aeons took up an abode in their bust

Only were those who the Aeons did trust
Animated by heavenly light in their blush
And all of us knew who was one of us
This spirit we named Aeon Animus

We need not exchange an agreement or word
We see through the eyes of the Aeons interned
And by their vision can so discern
Their presence in others by lights that they burn

Lights that are bright as the stars as they churn
Past heavenly bodies who toward them yearn
And all of this knowledge we only did learn
Because Aeon Animus came down to Earth

Many are we who took up his works
But certainly one man was chosen first
Born to obscurity on ordinary dirt
Though unsuspected a miraculous birth

For all of mankind were deaf dumb and blind
And led into slaughter like sheep and like kine
By a mechanized monster that braketh the mind
None could expect to repair at such times

Many might now ask what reasons why
As to the fall of the age and all of mankind
Many are they but the utmost the tithe
To which men no longer felt themselves obliged

For man had forsaken all civilization
And in such a state of extreme depredation
Put down his loyalty to friend and to nation
Forgetting the virtues of kindness and patience

No longer did men attend to their stations
Shirking all duties and all obligations
No longer did men find joy in their places
Seeing not friend but enemy faces

Divided by class, by creed, and by races
The order of old was without any traces
And all settled into an unruly stasis
And all were imprisoned in a malevolent matrix

With all the 9 aeons relegated to sameness
The world lost its color and all saw themselves blameless
But nothing could be a more untrue statement
For this brought about an unpleasant arrangement

That shortly in time possessed the government
All knew it's flaws who had but discernment
For all felt themselves as if in internment
And all who held power grasped it like vermin

And feasting on labor and work they were vile
Converting the surplus into poisonous bile
One only wonders whence came such a guile
To do such misdeeds as their hands remained idle

And as all the world's riches amassed into piles
And desolation stretched o'er the land across miles
The Aeons assembled in rank and in file
And descended to earth and it's cities with style

And so our messiah was unassuming as such
And the Aeons drove round him as a belt does the clutch
And feeling their presence, he repressed himself much
Thus took after the manner of the Pennsylvania Dutch

So all of his clothing and boots were of black
And a belt with a buckle went round his ball cap
A puritan's reminder to keep himself chaste
Devoted to the Aeons, from the first to the last

For to him were they angels from a unitary God
Who formeth the matrix of the simulation
So to take their appearance at face value is wrong
For they dance to the rhythm of the Universal song

Thus ideology to him was merely cosmetic
Simply a matter of appearance and aesthetics
For throughout the ages and all it's governments
T'was good versus evil that defined their achievements

So though we recognize the Aeons of nine
We do so in manners but playful and kind
A tool by which we identify
The manners and customs of those in our sight

A man who wears black is thus different from that
Who dresseth in white for the meaning is set
So with the seven between them that rest
A man wears the colors that suit him the best

So it is with our buildings and it is with our tech
Labeled by color so they represent
The Aeons interned in these sacred objects
Who do by the will of mankind not oppressed

Thus was the world brought to order and blessed
By a religion of colors of which all did obsess
And such was the order that none did protest

For all walks of life could be henceforth expressed

Thus it became simple to perceive the intent
Of man, of object, and of governments
For men then assembled with mutual consent
Designing their banners and all knew what they meant

For the banners and flags of old nations were rent
And were remade anew by the people's assent
Thus the new banners would only possess
The colors of folk who in that land present

Nations were forged and empires built
Borders redrawn and patched as a quilt
Some chose to stay, and others to jilt
Building new territories, while others rebuilt

Within many territories there did reside
Factions of the population from all of the nine
But typically one or two reached the height
Of political power so dictated the rites

So it was caused that many took flight
To seek out a land that to them was alike
So the Aeons consolidated majority might
Across many regions and cities and sites

And as one would travel to lands out of sight
The colors would change by the Aeons alight
Painted on buildings, and on fabrics were dyed
So all knew which regions what Aeons abide

Out in the farmlands the colors were Green
Touched by the Gold for the profits they'd reaped
And out in the war camps the colors did bleed
Of Red and of Black for death sets men free

These are examples for which there are others
For many an Aeon mixed with another
On a scale and a gradient that made infinite colors
Of Aeons whose presence gave bountiful succor

And all of the Aeons in this melting pot whirled
Some kept the peace, and others made war
But all was the same as it once was before
Good versus Evil, Forevermore

-----BOOK II: THE GREAT REFORMATION OF AEON ANIMUS
(-- Perhaps make visionary... Reconcile conflict with Anarchaeon Calendar... 2012-2021?...)

And so after the fall the world was reborn
In a new age of malice for what came before
And so Aeon Animus dictated reforms
And stirred up the calm and created a storm

For many a year he sojourned forlorn
An absolute Anarch with power adorned
Though all that he met, met with bitter-cold scorn
The Aeons within kept him safe and warm

Rough round the edges, as a bramble of thorns
Many dared not approach lest their ego be torn
For an absolute Anarch is with power adorned----
And all who beheld him considered themselves warned

For many a year he wandered the streets
Head in the clouds and boots on concrete
Communing with Aeons with striving did seek
And found them in the pavement, in the bricks, and the trees

Searching within for he was without his peace
And all of his dreams and ambitions deceased
And after this death his soul was released
And upwards in heaven with Aeons did meet

9 There he met who told him the plan
His duty to establish a new government
And towards this task, he would remain hell bent
And so the Aeons called him Aeon Animus

With the wrath of the Titans and bundles of parchment
He scried through the nights of his youth that were spent
And though his best years were suddenly forfeit
Soon all of the earth would be made to submit

For deep in his mind the Aeons made writ
For Aeon Animus was their Amaneuensis
Translating the decrees into a human script
A succession of Annual reforms to wit

The first year was given to the spirit anarchic
A primordial chaos that cometh out of the shift
For many a beggar and popper in pits
Were burdensome creatures to attempt to lift

Out of poverty and misery they were enmired in
Brought to the depths by chance or by sin
The Aeons decreed they should lift their chin
And turn to their works cleaning the streets and inns

The Aeons Decreed "In the game have thou skin"
And living space deeds were then granted to them
By government force at the land lord's expense
Such was the law of Aeon Animus

For all land alike from the cities to the fens
Was placed into the hands of the government
And then were divided into single allotments
And distributed fairly to all citizens

This was the case for but one exception
In year two the food of the nation was questioned
And so all the farmlands were given exemption
And were thusly excluded from the Aeon's accession

The Anarchs who rose from the streets to apartments
Were now sent out into the ranches & farmlands
Thus a new faction of work had started
And so joined the primitivists from half of the Anarchic

There now was a greenhouse in what was an office
And cattle now housed where cars used to parketh
So all of the land was in two federal districts
The cities of Anarchs, and the farmlands primitive

And added to this were the natural forests
The wildlife corridors, the oceans, and arctic
These natural wonders were carefully protected
And wherever possible, indefinitely expanded

Year three then arrived and the mountains were branded
For types of stone quarried from lime to granite
The masons marched forth, the president presided
Over their labors aloft at the peak he resided

The anarchists ferried the stones thus acquired
And porting them shipped to the locations desired
The monarchists faithful in labor perspired
The primivists fed them with meat of the pyre

Singing low and then high the masonic choir
Their spirits aloft as wrought purple iron
In labor enobled with the title of sire
Attended by servants, apprentices squired

Dressing the stones in ashlar attire
The blocks are then set in a place they retire
Making a palace a wall or a spire

All of these blocks build up the empire

Year four then attested the mutualist
Out of porters to cowboys on the frontier west
Asudden began to trade for profits
On the fringes of deserts uncivilized yet

And in such places could gamble and bet
But all of their losses were on their own head
For none of such folk wanted government
And refused to take aid even should they lament

Such folk detested all interference
And this point was not lost on Aeon Animus
And rather than leave them in society mixed
Alloted a region that would suit them the best

The forests were too far away from the plebs
Who bought up the products of the tanned merchants
Thus too the city had little to invest
So they resided between city and old monarchists.

In the fifth year arrived the grey Agorist
Moving closer to the city than the mutualist
He built up a factory and with workers a whisked
A union together as the fingers in a fist

By saw and by hammer and by artifice
Mass produced many material objects
With industrial utility, nothing amiss
The workers together shared their profits

Where metals were quenched & steam engines hissed
Supplies were submitted from all provinces
From farmers and quarriers by mutualists
On foot, horseback, rail, or ship

The Agorists labor then did assist
The castes that before them came from the abyss
The farmer his plow, the quarryman's kit
The porter his roads that lessened his risk

Security was handled in the year of the sixth
Handled by red blooded nationalists
To keepeth the peace and shooteth the piss
Lest the proverbial fan should be struck by the shit

Trained in arms they'd bear with wit
And in the bud all conflict nipped

And by lethal force that they held at the hip
Violence and conflict was discountenanced

With magazines filled, powder and wick
Sworn to protect the working stiff
From enemies foreign and domestic
By sacred vigil oaths were kept

By blood of tyrants and Patriots
The tree of liberty bore Pomegranates
And all who ate of the fruit of it
Sat thence in peace beneath vine and fig

In the seventh year, of the capitalist
The fiscal arrangements were managed thence
Accounts were made by arithmetic
And placed within ledgers and placed within lists

And for this task a few were picked
Whose abilities dubbed them accountants
And clothed in gold and countenance
kept the books and confidence

Of the empire since, and growing hence
Kept in cities by the government
To pay the debts and grow credit
And to assure the quality of the federal mint

Whether digital, metal, on the books or in print
The money supply was heaven sent
(Tethered to the population) (For was forbidden all forms of rent)
By the order of the government

The eighth year came with the transhumanists
At the center of the city they all were pent
With little space in their apartments
They traveled the universe in a simulation

Weak and frail without defense
Their skills were forged by information
Who traveled by wire to their destination
who arrived as soon as they were sent

Soldering soldiers who built the matrix
Divine as starlight, yet heretic
For their domain was in the abyss
Guided by lights that animated it

And it was in this year the AI was fixed

Both repaired and reoriented
Towards the Aeons who occupied it
Who were thenceforth interned in the bytes and the bits

And in the 9th year of the pacifist
Ended the reign of Aeon Animus
After the tradition of Ol' Washington
Eight years had passed and with it did him

Not in his life but in his office
And only remained one year for guidance
To ensure the survival of the inheritance
Of the people he governed the Anarchaeans

His hair had grown white from labor and stress
It's pigments transferred to the nation he blessed
And in this last year he finally found rest
And interfered not, except by request

And thus his successor was made president
The government of Aeons now made perfect
All had their place and none were amiss
For all kinds of men found peace within

----- BOOK III: THE FORGING OF THE ANARCHAEAN CALENDAR

1---Such was the state at the end of the age
Through conflict and climax resolution was made
With practices granted and others forbade
Depending upon which Aeon to homage was made

Though as it was since the beginning of days
This civic religion was eventually displaced
By men and by powers and by principates
As memory serves me I will attempt to relate

To begin with this matter we shall arrange the dates
For in the government of Aeons time regulates
The appointments of officers into their place
According to the manner the heavens rotate

Thus we arrive at the calendar made
By Aeon Animus that animates
The seasons of government and all it dictates
By placing an Aeon over all of our days

2---The days of the week were cast by degrees
Ten days a piece made thence a week
And in every year were thirty six of these

So the days numbered three hundred and sixty

And the weeks in a month were numbered at three
Making twelve months occur annually
Named after the nine Aeons consecutively
Concluding with masculine, feminine, & androgyny

For after the nine were added these three:
Masculine brown as it was decreed
Feminine Pink as it suits a lady
And Androgyn cyan expressively

And on both equinox and solstices
Were holidays made, celebrated freely
Afore winter solstice another was seized
And made into the annual new years eve

3---And every fourth year one more accompanied
For such must be made to account for the leap
This day was called the Aeoniverssary
To celebrate the day the calendar was released

According to the calendar used previously
December 21st 2012 was decreed
As day and year zero ruled by Anarchy
In honor of the timewave prophecy

Crafted after the manner of the Chinese I Ching
Writ into code on a cathode ray screen
The author of which fell bewitched by disease
'Til the millennium came and declared him deceased

Yet with the timewave the Mayan Calendar agreed
Although in conclusion independently
By tracing the patterns of Novelty
To the timewave zero at the end of history

4---Thus were the heavens placed rightfully
Over all of the earth and the time that we keep
But yet more than this the Aeons were pleased
For given to them was each day of the week

On Anarchsday which was first to be made
Was given to mischief freedom and play
Which oft times would carry on into a fray
But all knew what to expect on this day

On primarchsday the naturalists prayed
For rain in the fields and fish in the bay

Reckoning the state of their land they would stay
And only would meet with others of their make

On Monarchsdays no bricks would be laid
Or quarried from mines unless twas at play
To art and to craft were dedicated they
And so on this day they did what they may

5---On Mutuarchsdays to the travelers gave
A shelter or food without any pay
For moving much goods by labor they make
The civilized world a happier place

On Agorarchsdays the factories stay
Their engines and products until the next day
Giving their workers respite to be gay
For their labors demand a difficult pace

On Nationarchsdays the soldiers placate
Themselves by games that they demonstrate
With bodily strength and Olympian gait
Showeth the world the might of the state

On Capitarchsdays the accountants appraise
The values of markets they're charged to maintain
This does ensure that fairness remains
That all of society's wealth is retained

6---On Transhumanarchsdays the programmers wait
For the software system to load & update
For this is the time to make any change
To how the A.I. self regulates

On pacifarchsdays all men have a say
In the state of the government to say what they may
To quarrel in verbage and civilized debate
Or retreat in their studies and thus abstain

On Aeonsday the people are freed
And so too the Aeons on this day released
And all of the genders on this day make peace
And assemble the Aeons in one common fief

Thus on Aeonsday with all factions debriefed
Can assert their opinions autonomously
Governing themselves accordingly
Can thence come conclusions collectively

7---For some of the Aeons are ruled from beneath

And others be ruled by the top of the heap
Anarchs, Mutualists, Capitalists three
founded on the basis of liberty

While Monarchists, Nationalists, Pacifist creeds
Are formed on the basis of authority
And primitivists, Agorists, Transhumans between
Possess a unique kind of hierarchy

These are but gradients averages and means
For words shan't describe the Aeons in the least
But offer a window where glimpses are brief
Of the heavenly bodies that o'er earth police

Some think them demonic or angelic beings
Depending on which Aeon they call my liege
For none of these Aeons can all appease
And so a man picks one, two, or three.

8---To these he gives thanks in his offerings
And tithes to the one that he chooses to please
Either in groves or at home privately
Or in church or at work with ceremony

For the Aeons came down into men for reprieve
And so shareth the burdens of governing
Thus a man tithes the Aeons with works and belief
And so tithe the beings who adhere to it's creed

For man held the Aeons as eternal relief
As liberators who freed them from death and deceit
For before they would come, none could agree
On the manners and means of civility

So earnest in worship they tried to appease
The Aeons who granteth divinity
By worshipping them most faithfully
They animate man accordingly

9---Faithful in colors they wear on their sleeves,
And in colors chosen for the temple relief
Painted on objects ceremoniously
And even upon the marketplace eaves

All did adhere to this coloring scheme
To summon the Aeons from the unseen
For doing as such systematically
The Aeons were brought into lights we can see

> Break Next verse

And so was the Calendar, all encompassing
That all space and time by Aeons were seized
And though they were chosen regionally
The federal government changed by degrees

Governed by rules of Astronomy
The heavens determined what Aeon did lead
For every four years on the Aeoniverssary
Fell a new Aeon's day consecutively

10---On the Anarch's Aeoniversary,
The world went ungoverned and chaos reigned free
When it fell to the Pacifists the scholars policed
And so it would be with the Aeons between

And so all the aeons would thus rotate
Completing the cycle on the Aeonsday
And this would occur after 40 years wait
At which point a jubilee government was made

At such a time an Archon would reign
Giving homage to all of the Aeons with grace
To reframe the government by ancient ways
And place all of the Aeons in their rightful place

For this was the duty Aeon Animus ordained
On all who did step by the Calendar's pace
To adhere to the Aeons and abide by their ways
Loyal to colors portraying them brave

And those to the Calendar did not obey
Were marked as an Aeon and hence were bade
To continue the works of the nine unassayed
In colors and manners that they themselves made

For deep in the mind the Aeons do lay
And holdeth it close by subconscious sway
For colors have meanings and secrets from days
Ancient and ruined yet with us they stayed.

Book IV-----Sons of the Republic

So was the religion Aeon Animus had made
Preached from the pulpit and the bars where he'd rave
And unto this learning such searching men claved
And out of this knowledge gave birth to a state

But before such conditions were set into place
The world was run haggard and riven and frayed
By men in their towers and men in estates
To whom neither riches nor fame could placate

So in their greed they ate and they ate
The National Treasure with lust and with hate
So by their power, more they would take
Until all were under a terrible fate

Across every land dominion and place
All were held under a boot by the face
So Tyrants ruled o'er ev'ry creed and race
And yet called themselves The Cosmopolitan State

For such were their lies and how they were made
A facade filled with glory, the foundations debased
And thus Aeon Animus did excavate
Yet discovered a Nation both ancient and great

Beneath the foundations of the Cosmopolitan State
Rested the bones of a greater emirate
Marked by ruler and compass engraved
The Masons left clues for posterities gaze

From the statue of Liberty, to Washington's grave
The stories of old in the architraves
And in the capitols of the column array
Secrets were told of our most ancient of days

Where a phrygian cap as red as a blaze
Set upon stipe was thence called pileus
And circling round t'was thence a snake
And treading thenceforth was bad for one's sake

Such was the relief the war department made
And to carry it's genius Aeon Animus obeyed
Reviving the army as it was in those days
Appealing to countrymen and speaking with fae

For such was the manner of Washington's way
Who commandeth in war, and in thicket would pray
A solemn expression worn on his face
Commanding respect from birth to the grave

Enduring his enemies and allies depraved
With a Gentlemanly manner and forager's strength

And so were established Washington's Sons
Who adopted his manner, and even fashion

"Son of the Republic, Look & Learn"
Thence is the tale Lady Liberty once spun
Of three great perils to General Washington
During the trials and tribulations of Seventy-Seven.

And who know the secrets of Washington's Vision
Are hence declared to be the Republic's Sons
Who dress in all black and to powers they shun
But uphold the laws of Lord Washington.

Mayor Entrenchment / Annexation / North Star Knights & Militia (assigned per apt unit)/ Bank Mercenaries
/ Cargill acquisition / Granary & Mill rebuilding

**Reference WaterGate, the end of the Nixon administration, as a great "Deluge/Flood" of media coverage that up-ended the crony Nixon admin which was meant to replace the revolutionary sentiments of the Hippy era.

11---

You could be a popper a pump or a priest
All are regarded hence equally

The fall of the American Emirates

Whose weapons are forged by fire and metal
By flash of grenade and fuel of missile
Launched by a rocket or borne by a rifle
His campaign is eternal he never is idle

_-----+--

On a sign he does implore
"Do not feed the egregores"

Segment on The Mormon Trail

Clockwork God - Creation of the Universe / Space / Expanding Earth (B4 Creation of Aeons)

BOOK III: THE CAPTAINS OF THE ANAMAEANS

1. Joe Rogan
 - 2.
 - 3.
 4. Graham Hancock
 5. Randall Carlson
 6. The Grimerica Brothers
 7. Miguel Conner
 8. Krystal Ball
 9. Sagaar Enjeti
 10. Kilindi Iyi
 11. Young Pharaoh
 12. Hotep Legion: (Hotep Jesus & Uncle Hotep)
 13. Stan Lee
 14. Paul Stamets
 15. Terence McKenna
 16. Alan Watts
 17. Timothy Leary
 18. Hakim Bey
 19. Robert Anton Wilson
 20. Peter Lampborn Wilson
 21. Daniel Tompkins
 22. Jimi Hendrix
 23. Jim Morrison
 24. David Graeber
 25. Michael Hudson
 26. Stephanie Kelton
 27. Richard Wolfe
 28. Matt Taibbi
 29. Oliver Stone
 30. Ryan Gosling
-
1. The Honored Right
 - a. Alex Jones

- b. Mel Gibson
- a. Bronze Age Pervert
- b. Loki
- c. Inkblot
- d. Nemets
- e.
- f. Sargon of Akkad
- g. Murdoch Murdoch
- h. Emily Youcis
- i. Nick Fuentes
- j. Ethan Ralph
- k. Patrick Little
- l. Ryan Dawson
- m. Syrian Girl
- n.

BOOK II

BOOK IV: RISE OF THE COSMOPOLITAN AUTHORITY (Asiatic Arctic invasion of US Mainland)

BOOK V: J'SON & THE ARGONAUTS

BOOK VI: THE GOLDEN CIRCLE & THE CARRIBEAN LEGION

BOOK VII: REIGN OF FIRE & THE RADIOACTIVE RUST BELT (NUCLEAR FACILITY BREAKDOWN)

BOOK VIII: THE GREAT STORM & THE SILVER LINING

BOOK IX: THE RUST BOWL (DESERTIFICATION OF SW, & CITY RUST PROBLEM/COLLAPSE)

BOOK X: THE FINAL FORTRESSES

BOOK XI: THE FOREST PASSAGE (WILDERNESS CORRIDORS AND STRANGE HYBRIDS)

BOOK XII: ARCHONIMUS & AEON ANIME

BOOK XIII:

Dragon Eggs -> Nukes

Reform Concept ideas:

1. Natural Disaster Relief Public Works (Immediate concern)
 - a. Danish Water works with separate government (Megalithic Limestone Sea Walls)
 - b. Florida - Louisiana - New York City Harbor - Los Angeles Area -
 - c. Cleaning the Mississippi watershed
 - i. No plastic garbage in this area
 - ii. No dumping phosphorous water (treated waste water)
 1. Use this water for agricultural fields (send to farms in heated pipes)

- d. Gulf of Mexico No fishing or dumping mandate (prosecute offenders & capital punish)
- e. Great Plains Ogallala reservation project
 - i. Remove more than 50% of farmlands
 - ii. Create massive interstate bison pen connecting Yellowstone to Texas
 - iii. Elevated Highway & integrated Rail system (underpasses for bison)
- f. Office Space - Parking Ramp Aquaponics / micro-green farm spaces
- 2. Constitutional Restructuring
 - a. People>Neighborhood>Town/City>County>District>State>Federation>International
 - b. Remove city charter system
- 3. Judicial Reforms
 - a. Expansion of US Marshalls (under oath, perpetually subject to capital punishment)
 - i. Title: Sons of the Republic”
 - ii. Organized by “Patriarchal Divisions” - Each Son of the Republic Chooses a common Patriarch. They are given a Steel face mask with the physiognomy of their patriarch. Each with a unique Temple Complex & Garrison housing information and sacred relics related to their Patriarch. Each Patriarchal division specializes in the field of study of their patriarch and attempts to embody their philosophy
 - 1. Washington - Mt. Vernon & Valley Forge
 - a. ROTC military school
 - 2. Robert Owen - New Harmony IN
 - a. Architecture school
 - 3. Nathaniel Greene - Providence RI
 - a. Theology & Military Academy
 - 4. William Moultrie - South Carolina - Sullivan’s Island
 - a. Martial Academy & Masonic historical society
 - 5. Jefferson - Jefferson Memorial / Virginia College
 - a. Architectural & Agricultural School
 - 6. Benjamin Franklin - Pennsylvania Courthouse
 - a. Natural Science Seminary
 - 7. John Adams - Adams House
 - a. Legal Seminary
 - 8. Marquis Du Lafayette - (Washington DC Lafayette Park / White House)
 - a. Military School
 - 9. Ethan Allen - Fort Ticonderoga
 - a. Military School
 - 10. Charles Fourier - Utopia OH / Silkville KS / WI / NJ / NY / MA
 - a. Philosophy & Literature
 - 11. Lincoln - Lincoln Memorial
 - a. Legal Seminary / Theatre School
 - 12. Joseph Smith - / Missouri (Adam spot) / Nauvoo
 - a. Religious seminary
 - 13. Porter Rockwell - Nauvoo / Missouri
 - a. Military school
 - 14. Brigham Young - Salt Lake City Cathedral
 - a. Religious Seminary
 - 15. John Humphrey Noyes - Oneida NY
 - a. Manufacturing & Engineering School
 - 16. Noble Drew Ali

- a. Oriental Antiquities
- 17. Ignatius Loyolla Donnelly - MN
 - a. Antiquities Seminary
- 18. Arthur C. Townley - North Dakota
 - a. Public Infrastructure school
- 19. Jake Cooper - Chaska MN
 - a. Military School
- 20. Malcolm X - Detroit
 - a. Corrections Seminary
- 21. Noble Drew Ali - Chicago
 - a. Combat School
- 22. Che Guevara - Cuba
 - a. Military School
- 23. Fidel Castro - Cuba Home
 - a. Legal School
- 24. Bob Marley - Jamaica Home
 - a. Music school
- 25. Timothy Leary - Millbrook NY
 - a. Psychology Seminary
- 26. Michael Hudson
 - a. Economics & History Seminary - Manhattan / MN
- 27. Peter Lamborn Wilson - Brooklyn NYC / RI (ancestor)
 - a. World Literature
- 28. Terence McKenna - Esalen CA
 - a. Art History Seminary
- 29. Joe Rogan - Los Angeles Hills
 - a. Combat School
- 30. Eddie Bravo - 10th planet location
 - a. Combat School
- 31. Alex Jones - Austin Texas
 - a. Analyst's school
- 32. Hamilton Morris
 - a. Chemistry School
- 33. Brian Muraresku
 - a. Antiquities Seminary
- 34. Curtis Yarvin
 - a. Antiquities Seminary
- iii. Manages voluntary and forced labor under the Judicial branch
- iv. Criminal Investigative corps
- v. Law Enforcement & Attorney powers
- vi. Charged with Court Summons (license to extract US citizens from all places)
- vii. Charged with Martial training of local Militia
- viii. Counterfeit investigators
- ix. Census collection &
- b. Labor Camp & Militia duty Integration (Under oath perpetually subject to capital punish)
 - i. Garrison & Manor Construction Duties (Classical Architecture)
 - 1. Houses Judicial Branch and workmen
 - ii. National Guard integration
 - iii. Army Corps of Engineers integration

- c. Election monitoring (under oath, capital punishment for fraud)
 - 4. Alliance Building (after basic infrastructure is built)
 - a. North Korea
 - i. Angkor Wat complex and exchange
 - ii. China

From shoot

ANARCHAEA STRUCTURE:

1. Describe 9 Aeons
2. Describe Historical role of 9 Aeons
3. Describe Aeon Animus & End of the Age
4. Describe Eschaton & 3 Genders
5. Describe the Calendrical System of 12 Aeons
6. Describe the Educational System of 12 Aeons
7. Describe the caste system of 9 Aeons
8. Describe geographical restructuring of America
 - a. ~50 city states of new zion
9. Describe new emergent cultures and wars
10. Describe state of deterioration & Restoration
11. Recap Eternal government of Aeon Animus

BOOK ---: THE RISE OF ARCHONIMUS

Before an ocean of grass as vast as the sea
 And the pavement whose cracks gave birth to new seeds
 And a whispering wind that went where it pleased
 Lest carved by the tires of a black Iron steed

Thence went Archonimus with archonic speed
 Burning through fuel and pursued by a fleet
 Of feds on his six through a lone country street
 Not even a soul for miles to meet

Slow in the chase the Federal Humvees
 Bought by the feds by tariffs and fees
 Struggling fast, yet with distance increase
 From the target Archonimus and his hefty bounty

Although he is keeping superior speed
 The tank of his bike is running on "E"
 Thus one decision was thence faced by he

To turn and to face his ultimate defeat

But not without vengeance would he give himself up
So long as a breath remained in his gut
So painting the street with rubber rebuffed
With screeching and fumes amplified by the gust

Then drawing a bow as soon as he stopped
Knocking an arrow with a tip made of muck
By magnifying glass a fire was struck
On an arrow of flame he bet all of his luck

The Humvees approached, his adrenaline rushed
Torque on the throttle a roar and a cus
The distance was closed as the speed went up
20 then 40 then 60 plus

Feet on the seat and an agile jump
Pulling a parachute trusting the gust
Drawing his bow relieving a grunt
Aim and take fire as the bike hits the front

The wind lifts his body up out of the fray
His arrow is true and reaches its place
To the tanker of oil that's kept in a case
And the loads of C4 in the saddle bags laid

Knowing the blast would bite like a mace
He curled up his body to keep it at bay
And just as he brought his knees to his face
The explosion went off and the humvees waylaid

The blast sent his parachute higher yet still
And filling his limbs shards of blood-stained shrapnel
And soaring at speed he summoned the will
To draw from his waist his trusty pistol

He shot dead an officer from his position aloft
Hunched over his turret asudden went soft
Twisting the chords and feeling the draft
Took landfall thence and another he shot

All of the turrets were thence left unmanned
And the blood of these soldiers pooled in the van
Then taking a knife to the parachute strands
With swiftness of Aeons Before the cloth touched the land

Sheathing his knife and his pistol at hand
He shot down another who attempted to stand

Sheathing his pistol the turret he manned
And thence opened fire on the caravan

Piercing the Iron and shattering the glass
The iron-clad rounds enter into the cab
And slaughter the men in their camouflage clad
Now dyed in red blood that dries into black

So Archinimus ceased the attack
For all of his opponents were put on their backs
For Archinimus never gave quarter or slack
To murderous Feds he paid tit for tat

For the Feds had abandoned the law of the land
And did raid and plunder living mouth to hand
Acquiring whatever contraband
To favor their position and to supply their warbands

And all were required to payeth the tax
In foods or in goods or in money at hand
The feds thus ruled ruthless reckless and mad
And with time did they summon the wrath of the Chads

-----Factions & SUB factions-----

And of the 1st year anarchs there were another nine
Of which we might devote a portion of our time
For so it was with all of the nine
For each primary faction there was a secondary kind

For all individuals were sorted by type
For if they tired of the first, the second they might like
So they may identify by their secondary choice
If the weight of the first be too much to host

The Anarcho-Anarchist pure black & true
With work and with body knows not what to do
A pirate by nature in an ocean astew
He lives for the thrill of the hunt & the brew

The Anarcho-Primitivist

The Anarcho-Mutualist

The

In the first year the secret service was made
In the land of the free and the home of the brave
"Sons of the Republic" aptly named
Who oversaw trials and works of the state

Modeled after the Irish renegades
And their grand jury workmen who did as were bade
As judge jury and executioner they
Performeth their duties for Washington's estate

The Sons of the Republic were recruited in cells
Within cells within cells as the prophecies foretell
Where the horny and lonely were put under a spell
And thence were made Knights who crawled out of hell

As it once was with Joseph, cast in a well
And then into prison with grace did rappel
And so with the founders who chose to Rebel
And declare Jubilee with the Liberty Bell

So the Sons of the Republic were found in their cage
And were martialed for service at the end of the age
To manage the decline and the social decay
That something of Washington's legacy remain

Appointed for life, as the judges were made
And none from their office could ever abstain
This guaranteed none ever used it for gain
For the only way out is to enter the grave

This too was the custom of the Judean Essenes
Who observed holy silence at their banquets and feasts
But none were admitted entry to these
Until they were initiated after year three

In the first year was given the promise of pay
Then the Officers withheld it and asked them to stay
And after year two they then did the same
So after 3 years only Sons would remain

And this was the year their pay would be freed
Three years times one thousand times fifty
Held in reserve were fifty thousand of these
And was held as a Life insurance policy

Or God forbid, to pay their bounty
If they should abscond and attempt to be free
For the Sons are in service by martial decree
And to betray their oath means the death penalty

Thus were then taken criminals and cons
And turned into men whose word is their bond
By manner as magic as waving a wand
In Washington's name by which they grew fond

For many of these in despair did despond
Until learning of histories mysteries beyond
By studying the Legend of Dear Washington
Thus the age of the Sons of the Republic did dawn

For the want of a family, the Sons were thus gave
The privilege of marriage but not of a name
Lest they corrupt their progeny vain
Their children were taken at birth to be trained

So Washington's Patronym might be ingrained
In their minds from their earliest memories of days
Where the boys would learn letters and fighting and pain
And the girls would learn civilized arts as they may

And this is the manner by which it was
That the second generation of the Sons were raised up
The boys and the girls would eat and would sup
Observed by their mothers while they were still young

And under the rigor of this spartan system
The mothers did learn to raise up their sons
For the men were required to serve the Nation
So the ancient in age were their fathers as one

When the first Sons were Knighted they did liberate
And build up their manors in all 50 states
And these became courts of appellate
And those who did dwell there did never vacate

These Manors were built in Ezekiel's way
Much like New Harmony & Fourier's Phalanx
With corinthian columns, and classical gates
With Hausmannian style did decorate

And all of the sons had their apartments placed
In orderly rows on top of the base
Which storeth their quadremes to transportate
And towards the courtyard the architraves faced

At the center of the courtyard the Palace did sit
And provided a redoubt from which to entrench
And here all did gather to feast for breakfast
And again for the supper they held in common

And deep in the temple the Judges were benched
As Quakers amixed with their audience
And a rising sun chair on the stage was exempt
From seating a soul but the President

And the floor was of silver and glass to reflect
The natural light within the complex
For this was the design that was once at Baalbek
When Solomon reigned as a king who was blessed

With visions and wisdom and grand refinement
Over all the known world from east to west
He sat there as King by God's appointment
Preserving the Ark of the Covenant

And the stage was thus made of an Iron Serpent
Who coiled and rose in heavenly assent
He boreth his fangs so that none might dare tread
So honored the seal of the War Department

And held in his coil Lady Liberty was clenched
Who raiseth the torch for the Andurarum
For these are all symbols of ancient legends
Preserved by the Masons, the Founders, and French

For the first who was named as Washington's Son
Was the Marquis Lafayette, a Noble Frenchman
For after the American Revolution was won
He prepared all of Europe for the Napoleons

From thence the Ancien Regime was redone
And made to conform to the liberties won
Though trouble did follow the French Revolution
T'was only for none followed dear Washington

So the Sons of the Republic are Washington's men
From the moment they're sworn to the bitterest end
Consulting the letters he wrote with his Pen
Or which were dictated to Young Hamilton

For Hamilton too was of Washington's Gens
To whom he consulted in all he'd attend
The architect of the American System
Who accomplished great deeds wielding sword and pen

So the Sons do take note of Washington's friends
And hold their opinions with highest respect
And this is the basis of all their judgments
At law so that justice may be heaven sent

In trial for theft, or high sedition
The Sons always have the jurisdiction
And as they themselves were once forgiven
They retain powers of Judicial pardon

For the Jury of Sons judges one by one
The cases brought to them with concision
They rely on no laws but the God given
And use their own judgment to make decisions

Yet the Court Martial Sons are out in the field
To safeguard our rights and the common weal
With powers to deputize men as they will
To guarantee traitors are thence brought to heel

They masque their face with stainless steel
Craft as men exceeding in zeal
The Kevlar Cloak they weareth conceals
A Federal Eagle from which the treasonous peel

In times of peace, the Judges reign free
Administrating the public works from their fief
But if chaos or disorder should threaten the least
The sons do then hearken to Muhlenberg's plea

For once it was said that occasionally
Tyrants and Patriots must water their tree
With blood and with sweat and with tears and with grief
For so ordains our fair Lady Liberty

And Chivalry requires this Goddess we court
And that the Sons of the Republic be ready for war
And as the Black Robed Regiment once did before
Preach until preaching can doeth no more

And always remember Dear Washington's lore
And the gravest concern on his face that he wore
And always in measure was prudent and sure
And in times of trial with patience forebore

For avarice and greed are sins he had not
So Washington's Sons should do as they ought
And do as the smith does to Iron ingots
And fold upon self as steel is wrought

And when you should pass a man on your walk
Lower your gaze regardless of what
His station may be as Xenophon taught
So the Sons of the Republic may temper their thoughts

And the sons of the Republic did quite a bit more
As Washington's Marshalls they maintained the scores
Of money and citizens as they did before
And collected taxation with fiscal rigor

For the citizens determined the monetary stores
The supply number fixed to the citizen corps
Neither to grain or to gold did it fork
for the value was backed by the Nation's Labors

When treason was committed and the verdict was guilt
A son of the Republic would lay hand upon hilt
Of Federal Eagle a pistol so built
That one in the chamber is sufficient to kill

Impartial in judgment and faithful to will
Of officers made so in manners lawful
Assurance of which was run of the mill
For the Sons did review all forthcoming bills

And much like the clergy of ancient times
The Sons of the Republic represented the divine
And so they were careful to do so in kind
And all of their manners they always did mind

Owing to this, they were given the right
To nominate whomever to president they might
And the citizens were offered the best of types
That the Sons did approve and allow in their sight

Now the Sons of the Republic were substantially large
With tens of thousands who were given their charge
To filter for quality the elders did start
To host competitions in body and art

And when a Son of the Republic won an Award
He was placed into an elite officers corps
From thence he would manage his corvee force
And train them to soldier in instance of war

For the penalty for crime was to be forced to work
And the Sons of the Republic were there to ensure
That all of the criminals who came at their worst
Would finish their sentences with elevated worth

And only from the poverty stricken and hurt
Were recruited new Sons of the Republic on earth
For only such men can be joyous to serve
By motives much grander than receiving orders

For none of the Sons were at first volunteers
But were impressed into service by all of their fears
For to refuse to be Knighted and held in good cheer
Would deprive them the Pardon they wanted so dear

And then when they witnessed the deaths of their peers
And how all the seditious would oft disappear
They discovered the president deeply sincere
Whose face was shining as Washington's clear

And this was the way that the first Sons were made
Who struggled and strove for the bond that was placed
Over their heads if they should obey
And for fear of the bounty if they abdicate

For the president pardoned all penal estates
And the residents there no matter the case
The only condition the President gave
Was that all of his orders were always obeyed

The first of these orders was the Golden Rule
Do unto others what you'd have done to you
And mind that you don't earn Washington's reprove
And always enforce his attitude

In all that you are, and all that you do
Live in the light of Washington's truth
Lest you might render his legacy moot
And surrender your Nation and everything lose

Now the Division of Sons were numbered nine
As the Aeons above who dictate the times
The first of these divisions were the Anarchic types
The Sons of the Republic, the chiefs of their like

The second division were

--Posture and persistent security management

1. Kevlar cloak over left hand kept close to body (heart guard after kevlar layer)
2. Right hand free for use, firearm holstered on the right side of hip
3. Right elbow kevlar loop (to keep cloak from interfering with Firearm operation)
4. Finger grips for command of the cloak on left side, elbow on right.
5. Dragon Scale layer double protection top to protect vitals and enemies from higher vantage
6. Kevlar Boots with Stainless Steel greaves
7. Weighted cloak to "Catch" Bullets
8. Left Arm Steel Greaves (Tricep, Elbow, and Forearm) (Winter Soldier)
9. Left arm brass knuckle built into cloak

10. Material is longer on the left side, because at resting position, the left arm will draw it across the body causing it to lift. This also makes it viable as a human shield, allowing the user to lift the cloak and shelter a person beneath it without exposing their feet too much.

11. Stainless Steel Carthaginian plate

12. White "Pony Tail" ornament from cap (Napoleanite Musketeer)

--Ark of Washington's Vestments (Dimensions: 2x long by 1x wide by 1x tall) - Bacchus decoration. Black Impressed Leather with Silver footings (stackable)

-Federal Eagle & hip Holster

-Masque du Lafayette

-Kevlar cloak

-Folding Roman Couch

-Hammock & Tarp

-Masonic Bible

-Athame

-Vial of anointing oil (Cinnamon, Myrrh, and Cannabis)

-Puritan's Cap

-Federal Greaves

-Combat Boots (knee high)

-Federal Cuirass (Ksour Easef)

-Dolly - Hand truck

-Bicycle

--Military Jargon

--Unit Structure

--Checking Mail

--Food testers

--Bomb Squad

--Dispatch

--Convoy

--Probation officers

--Re-scaling, instatement of the 1st Article of the Bill of Rights (0th Ammendment)

--RISE OF THE FACTIONS AFTER THE SONS OF THE REPUBLIC

1. Sons of the Republic Demolition and repair jobs
2. Primitivists - National Parks and Agricultural Land management, grangers,
3. Monarchists - Training of the Stone Masons Lime/Carbonated water, and artisans
4. Mutualists - Training of the Cowboys & Indians overseeing the Ogallala reservation
5. Agorists - Development of Rail and adjustment of roads in large cities for bike & public transit
6. Nationalists - Development of National Defense systems Border Fortifications, Missile Silos, Air strips
7. Capitalists - Development of a National Bank & Currency
8. Transhumanist - Development of virtual infrastructure for money/voting/public services
9. Pacifist - Reformation of higher education, fitting all trades and professions into this caste system with variants and degrees appropriate to each.

The Sons of the Republic began with the Marquis

Lafayette who was born to a gallic fief

Baptized as spaniards for war and not peace

And to America's aid would proffer relief

His father was struck by cannon piece

And so from this world was thence relieved

The Marquis was then left in a fatherless plea

So to his family profession he determined to cleave

He was trained in the school of Luxembourg

And there did train in the art of war